

my A Select *(1862)*
COLLECTION

Richd. O F Weekes
Modern Poems.

By the most eminent Hands.

Margt. viz. Lysaght

The Right Honour- able the Earl of MURLGRAVE.	{	Mr. ADDISON.
The Earl of Ros- COMMON.		Sir John DEN- HAM.
Mr. POPE.		Mr. TICKELL. Mr. DRYDEN. Mr. CONGREVE.

Perpetuâ semper dignissima Vita.

LUCRET. L. 3.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N
P O E T R Y :

By the Right Honourable the
Earl of *MURLGRAVE*.



Of things in which Mankind does most
excel,
Nature's chief Master-Piece is *Wri-
ting well*;
And of all sorts of Writing none
there are
That can the least with *Poetry* compare :
No kind of Work requires so nice a touch,
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much;
B

But

But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
 To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name ;
 'Tis not a Flash of *Fancy* which sometimes
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes ;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun ;
 Which tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound,
 Which never does the Ear with *Harshness* wound,
 Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts*,
 For all in vain these superficial Parts
 Contribute to the Structure of the whole
 Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul* ;
 A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,
 As that of *Nature* moves the World about,
 A *Heat*, which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ,
 'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit* ;
 Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none,
 Where dost thou dwell ? what Caverns of the Brain
 Can such a vast, and mighty thing contain ?
 When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
 O where, dost thou retire ? and why dost thou return ;
 Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away
 From *Pleasures* of the Night, and *Bus'ness* of the Day ?
 Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.
 As all is *Dulness*, when the *Fancy*'s bad,
 So without *Judgment* *Fancy* is but mad ;
 And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
 Not only in the choice of *Words*, or *Sense*,

But

An Essay on Poetry.

3

But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*;
Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen* :
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.

Here I should all the various sorts of *Verse*,
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse,
But who that Task can after *Horace* do ?
The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too !
Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the pain ;
'Tis true, the *Antients* we may rob with ease,
But who with that sad shift himself can please,
Without an *Aëtor's* pride ? a *Player's* art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet *modern Laws* are made for *later Faults*,
And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts* ;
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,
When so much *fresh* occasion still is left ?
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,
And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds :
But hold, the *Fools* shall have no cause to fear,
'Tis *Wis*, and *Sense* that is the Subject here ;
Defects of witty Men *deserve* a cure,
And those who are so, will ev'n *this* endure.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,
Without his * *Song* no Fop is to be found,
A most offensive weapon which he draws
On all he meets against *Apollo's Laws* :
'Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer Art* ;

* *Songs*.

B 2

For

For as in rows of *richest* Pearls there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shewn
 In some *small Ring*, and brings the value down;
 So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought;
 Yet where can we see one without a fault;
 Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought?
Expression easie, and the *Fancy* high,
 Yet *that* not seem to *creep*, nor *this* to *fly*;
 No words *transpos'd*, but in such *order* all,
 As, tho' hard *wrought*, may seem by chance to *fall*.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
 Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit;
 Such *nauseous Songs* by a late Author made
 Call an *unwilling* Censure on his *Shade*.
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting Joy,
 Can shock the *chaste*st, or the *nice*st cloy;
 But *obscene* Words, too gross to move Desire,
 Like Heaps of *Fewel* do but *choak* the Fire.
 On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, * ELEGY, of *sweet*, but *solemn* Voice,
 And of a *Subject* *grave* exacts the Choice,
 The praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,
 And there too oft despairing *Love* complains:
 In vain alas, for who by *Wit* is mov'd,
 That *Phoenix* *she* deserves to be belov'd;
 But *noisy Nonsense*, and such Fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that *Fantastick* Sex.
 This to the praise of those who better knew;
 The *Many* raise the value of the *Few*.

* *Elegy.*

But

An Essay on Poetry.

5

But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
 Their greatest fault who in this kind have writ,
 Is not defect in words, nor want of wit;
 But should this *Muse* harmonious numbers yield,
 And every couplet be with fancy fill'd,
 If yet a just *Coherence* be not made
 Between each thought, and the whole *Model* laid
 So right, that every *step* may higher rise,
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the *Skies*;
 Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd a while, but never last;
 'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will,
 But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with skill,
 No * *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper's-Hill*.

A higher flight, and of a happier force
 Are § *ODES*, the *Muse's* most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 But foams at mouth, and moves like one *possess'd*.
 The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With *Fury* too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with *Nature* join'd the rules of *Art*;
 But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*
 To that rich fancy, which can ne'er decay;
 Tho' all appear in heat, and fury done,
 The *Language* still must *soft* and *saisie* run.
 These laws may seem a little too severe,
 But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there,

* *Waller's*. † *Denham's*. § *Pindarick Odes*.

Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shews.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
SATYR well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before.
Some vulgar errors only we remove,
That stain a beauty, which so much we love.
Of well chose words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;
This great work must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd:
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only bus'ness was to rail;
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down,
A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown;
So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice it self may pass sometimes for Truth.
The * Laureat here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by † Mac-Fleckno with immortal Bays;
Tho' prais'd, and punish'd for another's § rhimes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes;

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

§ A Libel, for which he was both applauded, and wounded, tho' intirely innocent of the whole matter.

But once his *Pegasus* has born *dead weight*,
 Rid by some *lumpish* Minister of State.
 Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend my cares a while,
 A greater enterprise attends thy toil;
 And as some *Eagle* that designs to fly
 A long *unwonted* journey through the sky,
 Considers all the dang'rous way before,
 Over what *Lands* and *Seas* she is to soar,
 Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
 That lofty road of *Airy Travellers*;
 But yet incited by some fair design,
 That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,
 Prunes ev'ry feather, views her self with care,
 At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She *lessens* to us, and is *lost* at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty thing)
 The *Muse* inspires a *sharper* note to sing,
 And why should truth offend when only told
 To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?
 On then, my *Muse*, adventrously engage,
 To give Instructions that concern the stage.

The *Unities* of action, time and place,
 Which if observ'd, give * *PLAYS* so great a grace,
 Are, tho' but little *practis'd*, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From *nicer* faults to purge the present age,
 Less obvious errors of the *English* stage.

First then, SOLILOQUIES had need be few,
 Extremely *short*, and spoke in *Passion* too ;
 Our Lovers talking to themselves for want
 Of others, make the *Pis* their *Confidant* ;
 Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 They trust a friend, only to tell it us,
 Th' occasion should as *naturally* fall,
 As when * *Bellarion* confesses all.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
 Art's *needless* varnish to make nature shine,
 Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,
 And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.
 But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*,
 From Lovers in despair *fine things to force*,
 Must needs succeed, for who can chuse but pity
 A *dying Hero* miserably *witty* ?
 But oh, the Dialogues, where jest, and mock,
 Is held up like a *Rest* at *Shittle-cock* !
 Or else like bells, eternally they chime,
 They *sigh* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.
 What *Things* are these, who would be *Poets* thought,
 By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught ?
 Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better course than this by which they *starve*.
 But to write *Plays* ! why 'tis a bold pretence
 To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wis*, and *Eloquence* ;
 Nay more, for they must look *within* to find
 Those *secret Turns* of *Nature* in the mind ;

* *Philaster*, a Play of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Without this part in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all without a soul :
All this together yet is but a part
Of Dialogue, that great, and pow'rful art,
Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few :
Plato, and *Lucian* are the best remains
Of all the wonders, which this art contains ;
Yet to our selves, we justice must allow,
Shakespear, and *Fletcher* are the wonders now ;
Consider them, and read them o'er, and o'er,
Go see them play'd, then read them as before.

For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by their's is rock'd asleep.
The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *Wise* to weep,
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults ;
First on a *Plot* employ thy careful thoughts ;
Turn it with time a thousand sev'ral ways,
This oft alone has giv'n success to Plays :
Reject that *vulgar Error* which appears
So fair, of making perfect Characters ;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless Monster, which the world ne'er saw ;
Some Faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart ;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As Painters first chalk out the future face ;

Yet be not fondly your own slave for this;
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining* thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case.
Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,
The *Player* too must be before your eyes,
And tho' 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost meaning show.

Expole no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
The other way is vulgar, oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he,
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low way
A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird of Prey*;
Ill Poets so will one poor fop devour;
But to collect, like *Bees* from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for *Pleasure* and for *Use*;
In spite of faction this would favour get:
But * *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another fault which often does befall,
Is when the wit of some great Poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That all his fools speak *Sense*, as if *possess*,
And each by *Inspiration* breaks his *Fest*;
If once the *Justness* of each part be lost,
Well we may laugh, but at the Poet's cost.

* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespeare's*.

That

That silly thing, men call *Sheer-Wis*, avoid,
 With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd;
Humour is all, *Wis* should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some *proper* thought.
 But since the Poets we of late have known,
 Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their own,
 The better by *Example* to convince,
 Cast but a View on this *wrong side* of sense.

First a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,
 Where every reason is *exactly* weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 A *Hero* frighted at the noise of drums
 For *her* sweet sake, whom at *first sight* he loves,
 And all in *Metaphor* his passion *proves*;
 But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,
 Parting this pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He streight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,
 And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *dye*:
 But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
 The *absent* Nymph how much his flame excels,
 And yet bequeaths her *generously* now
 To that dear rival whom he does not know,
 Who streight appears (but who can fate withstand?)
 Too late alas to hold his hasty hand,
 That just hast given himself the cruel stroke,
 At which this very *Stranger's* heart is broke;
 He more to his *new* friend than mistress kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
 Of such a death prefers the pleasing *Charms*
 To *Love*, and living in a lady's arms.

How

How shameful, and what monstrous things are these !
 And then they rail at those they cannot please,
 Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,
 And grudge the sign of *old Ben. Johnson's* head;
 When the *intrinsic* value of the stage
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* age;
 For dances, flutes, *Italian* songs, and rhyme
 May keep up *sinking* nonsense for a time;
 But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules
 And *Sense* no longer will *submit* to fools.

By painful steps we are at last got up
Parnassus hill, on whose bright airy top
 The * *Epick Poets* so divinely show,
 And with just *Pride* behold the rest below.
Heroick Poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost reach of human sense,
 A work of such inestimable worth,
 There are but *two* the world has yet brought forth,
Homer and *Virgil*: with what awful sound
 Do those meer words the ears of Poets wound !
 Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest
 Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast,
 So these *Gigantick* souls amaz'd we find
 As much above the rest of human kind.
Nature's whole strength *united* ! endless fame,
 And universal shouts attend their name.
 Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
 For all things else appear to dull and poor,
Verse will seem *Prose*, yet often on him look,
 And you will hardly need another book.

* *Epick Poetry.*

Had

Had * *Bossu* never writ, the world had still,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous piece of skill.
As somerhing of *Divine* the work admired,
Nor hoped to be *Instructed*, but *Inspired* ;
But he disclosing secret *Mysteries*,
Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,
Describ'd the *Seeds*, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown,
Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,
Who thro' this *Labyrinth* has given the *Clue*!
But what, alas, avails it poor mankind
To see this *promised Land*, yet stay behind?
The way is shewn, but who has strength to go ?
Who can all *Sciences* exactly know ?
Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason*'s sight,
And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right ?
Whose just discernment, *Viril-like*, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much ?
Let such a man begin without delay,
But he must do much more than I can say,
Must above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too prevail,
Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater *Spencer*
fail.

* Late Author.

Had * Poets never writ, the world had still,
Like fashion, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of Divine the work admir'd,
Nor hoped to be surpass'd, but in vain;
But he distinguishing Power display'd,
Has shown where all the mighty Strength lies hid;
Describ'd the end, and in what order grows,
That have so long a way proposed;
Sure from some Angel he the secret knew,
Who this of this Language has given the clue;
But what alas, avails it poor mankind,
To see this promised Land, yet stay behind?
The way is shewn, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences exactly know?
Whole Ranges fiercely broad work like a giant,
And yet has Judgment to direct it right?
Whole Age's discrimination, Will-like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much;
Let such a man begin without delay,
But he must do much more than I can say;
Must above Ciceroy, nay, and Milton prevail,
Succeed where great Torquatus, and our great Spenser
fail.

Late Author.



A N

ESSAY

O N

Translated *VERSE.*

BY THE
EARL of ROSCOMMON.

——— *Fungar vice Cotis, acutum
Reddere qua ferrum valet Exors ipsa secandi.*
Hor. de Art Poet.

Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum. V. 3. Æ.



A N

ESSAYS

O N

Translated by E. R. S. E.

BY THE
EARL OF ROSCOMMON

Translated by John, Esq.
Kilmore Castle, near Exeter (1714).
Hon. to Ant. J. S.

CHAS. DODD, Printer, V. S. E.

A
T
M



TO THE
Earl of *ROSCOMON*;

On his Excellent

ESSAY
ON

Translated *VERSE*.

WHETHER the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian*
shore,
The seeds of arts and infant science
bore,
'Tis sure the noble plant transla-
ted first.

Advanc'd its head in *Grecian* gardens nurs'd.
The *Grecians* added verse, their tuneful tongue
Made nature first, and nature's God their song.

Nor

18 *To the Earl of Roscomon, &c.*

Nor stop't translation here: for conquering *Rome*
 With *Grecian* spoils, brought *Grecian* numbers home;
 Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,
 Than all the vanquish'd world cou'd yield before.
 'Till barb'rous nations and more barb'rous times
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes;
 Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling prose:
 That limp'd along, and tinckl'd in the close:
 But *Italy* reviving from the trance
 Of *Vandal*, *Goth* and *Monkish* ignorance;
 With pauses, cadence, and well vowel'd words,
 And all the graces a good ear affords,
 Made rhyme an art, and *Dante's* polish'd page
 Restor'd a silver, not a golden age:
 Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,
 What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
 At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity:
 The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Britain*, last
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
 The wit of *Greece*, the gravity of *Rome*
 Appear exalted in the *British* loome;
 The Muses empire is restor'd agen,
 In *Charles* his reign, and by *Roscomon's* pen.
 Yet modestly he does his work survey,
 And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
 (So well his art disguis'd, for nature to appear)
 Nor need those rules to give translation light;
 His own example is a flame so bright;
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.

Scarce

To the Earl of Roscomon, &c. 19

Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules ordain ;
 Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain.
 How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,
 How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost !
 Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd ;
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
 'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
 Deriv'd from *British* channels long ago,
 That here his conquering ancestors were nurst ;
 And *Ireland* but translated *England* first :
 By this reprisal we regain our right,
 Else must the two contending nations fight :
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* birth.
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
 How will invention and translation thrive,
 When authors nobly born will bear their part,
 And not disdain the inglorious praise of art !
 Great Generals thus descending from command,
 With their own toil provoke the soldiers hand.
 How will sweet *Ovid's* ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an *English* Peer * ,
 How he embellishes his *Helen's* loves,
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves ?
 When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow
 Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand ;
Roscomon writes, to that auspicious hand,
 Muse feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.

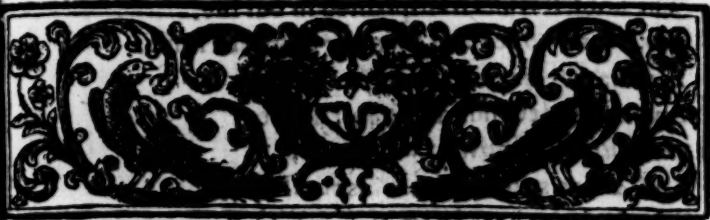
* *The Earl of Murlgrave.*

80 To the Earl of Roscomon, &c.

Roscomon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscomon first in fields of honour known,
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own,
Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better clay,
On equal terms of ancient wit ingage,
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page:
Our *English* palace opens wide in state;
And without stooping they may pass the gate.

John Dryden.

A N



A N
E S S A Y

O N
Translated V E R S E.



Appy that *Author*, whose correct *Essay*,
Repairs so well our old *Horatian* way;
And happy you, who by propitious fate
On great *Apollo's* sacred *Standard* wait.
And with strict *Discipline* instructed right,
Have learnt to use your *Arms* before you *fight*.
But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Stage*
Conspire to *censure*, and *expose* the *Age*;
Provok'd too far we resolutely must
To the few *Virtues* that we have be just.
For who have *long'd*, or who have labour'd more
To search the *Treasures* of the *Roman Store*,
Or dig in *Grecian Mines* for purer *Oar*?

}
The

The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle,
 With early hope, and fragrant blossoms smile.
 Familiar *Ovid* tender thoughts inspires,
 And nature seconds all his soft desires;
Theocritus does now to us belong;
 And *Albion's* rocks repeat his rural song.
 Who hath not heard how *Italy* was blest,
 Above the *Mede*, above the wealthy east?
 Or *Gallus* song, so tender and so true,
 As ev'n *Lycoris* might with pity view.
 When mourning nymphs attend their *Daphnes's* heftle,
 Who doth not weep, that reads the moving verse.
 But hear, O hear, in what exalted strains
Scicilian Muses thro' these happy plains,
 Proclaim saturnian times, our own *Apollo* reigns? }

When *France* had breath'd after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
 The choicest books that *Rome* and *Greece* have known,
 Her excellent translators made her own,
 And *Europe* still considerably gains,
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our generous emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same:
 But now we shew the world another way,
 And in translated verse do more than they.
 Serene and clear harmonious *Horace* flows,
 With sweetness not to be exprest in prose,
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the stuff but not the workman's skill.

I who have serv'd him more than twenty years,
Scarce know my master as he there appears,
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
The fault is more the languages than theirs.
'Tis courtly florid, and abounds in words,
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in *French* authors see
The comprehensive *English* energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn in *French* wire would thro' whole pages shine.
I speak my private but impartial sense,
With freedom, and I hope without offence;
For I'll recant, when *France* can shew me wit,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
Tis true composing is the nobler part,
But good translating is no easy art:
For tho' materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound.
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.
The soil intended for *Pierian* seeds,
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantick weeds.
Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* snakes,
At the rude rumbling *Baralipson* makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who beside their learning were well bred.
The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is that your self may to yourself be true;
No masque, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mavins* ends.

That

That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
 Condemn'd to live in all succeeding times;
 With pompous nonsense, and a bellowing sound,
 Sung lofty *Ilium*, tumbling to the ground.
 And (if my muse can thro' past ages see)
 That nauseous noisy, gaping fool was he.
 Exploded when with universal scorn,
 The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born.
 Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny wrestler cries,
 Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
 'Twas I that call, remember *Milo's* end,
 Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.
 Each poet with a different talent writes,
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epick bays,
 Nor lofty *Mars* stoop to lyric lays,
 Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
 And which the ruling passion of your mind;
 Then, seek a poet who your way do's bend,
 And chuse an author, as you chuse a friend.
 United by this sympathetick bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
 Your thoughts, your words, your files, your souls
 agree;
 No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd,
 How nice the reputation of the maid!
 Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best.

Let no austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flat'ry's most pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency, is want of sense.
What mod'rate fop wou'd rake the park, or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may chuse?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice;
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter, busy in the street,
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squils.
Instruct the list'ning world how *Maro* sings
Of useful subjects, and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright idea's raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.

C

For

For who, without a qualm, hath ever lookt,
 On holy garbage, tho' by *Homer* cookt?
 Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
 Make some suspect, he snores, as well as nods.
 But I offend—*Virgil* begins to frown,
 And *Horace* looks with indignation down.
 My blushing muse with conscious fear retires,
 And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabrick rise,
 And with attractive majesty surprise,
 Not by affected, meritorious arts,
 But strict harmonious symmetry of parts.
 Which thro' the whole, insensibly must pass,
 With vital heat to animate the mass.
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as heav'n, from which the blessing came;
 But few, oh few, souls preordain'd by fate,
 The race of gods, have reacht that envy'd height.
 No rebel *Titans* sacrilegious crime,
 By heaping hills on hills can thither climb.
 The grisly ferry-man of hell deny'd
Aeneas entrance till he knew his guide;
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,
 Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call?
 Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault;)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought,
 The men who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast.
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood,

How

How many ages since has *Virgil* writ?
How few are they who understand him yet?
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there;
Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's* imperial nod,
Than poets should before their *Mantuan* God.
Hail mighty *Mars*! may thy sacred name,
Kindle my breast, with thy celestial flame;
Sublime ideas, and apt words infuse,
The muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire my muse;
What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is in proportion true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There swear, there strain, there tug the laborious oar.
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural, and hard,
Consult your author with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing *Phœbus* may bestow,
And future ages to thy labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But once discover'd leave no room for doubt,
Truth stamps conviction in the ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one, truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound but never can translate.

Your stile will this thro' all disguises shew,
 For none explain more clearly than they know.
 He only proves he understands a text,
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplext,
 They who too faithfully on names insist,
 Rather create, than dissipate the mist;
 And grow unjust by being over nice,
 (For superstitious virtue turns to vice)
 Let *Crassus* ghost, and *Labiennus* tell,
 How twice in *Parthian* plains their legions fell,
 Since *Rome* hath been so jealous of her fame,
 Few know *Pacorus* or *Monaſes* name,
 Words in one language elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in another be excus'd:
 And some that *Rome* admir'd in *Caſar's* time,
 May neither suit our genius, nor our clime,
 The genuine ſenſe intelligibly told,
 Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad,
 And 'tis much ſafer to leave out, than add.
 Abſtruce and myſtick thoughts you muſt expreſs,
 With painful care, and ſeeming eaſineſs,
 For truth ſhines brighteſt thro' the plaineſt dreſs.
 Th' *Aenean* muſe, when ſhe prepares in ſtate,
 Makes all *Jove's* thunder on her verſes wait.
 Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft, and moving things,
 As *Venus* ſpeaks, or *Philomela* ſings.
 Your author always will the beſt adviſe,
 Fall when he falls, and when he riſes riſe.

Affected

Affected noise, is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt, can empty scriblers bring.
Vowels and accents regularly plac'd,
On even syllables, (and still the last.)
Tho' gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known.
For if you will unequal numbers try,
Their accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the sacred nine,
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful, and a constant flame.
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care;
For the sad prospect of a sad despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had by man-midwifry got wealth and fame,
As if *Lucina* had forgot the trade,
The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well season'd bowls, the gossips spirits raise,
Who while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise.
And largely what she wants in words, supplies
With maudling eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man,
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For greedy of physicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees?

Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
 From saving women falls to killing men.
 Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in.
 His pills, as thick as hand granadoes flew,
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew.
 His name struck ev'ry where as great a damp
 As *Archimedes* thro' the *Roman* camp.
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool,
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
 But now repentance came too late, for grace;
 And meager famine star'd him in the face.
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child.
 The friends, that got the brats were poyson'd too;
 In this sad case what could our vermin do?
 Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,
 The un pity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail.
 And there with basket alms, scarce kept alive,
 Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead;
 But you, *Pompilian*, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
 Let no vain hope your easie mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse.

'Tis very dang'rous, tampering with a muse
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose;

For,

For, tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attained race,
No poet any passion can excite;
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the *Cumean* cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rowling eyes,
And panting; lo! the god, the god she cries;
With words, not hers and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling thro' the
ground.

But tho' we must obey when heav'n commands
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware, what spirit rages in your breast,
For ten inspir'd ten thousand are possess'd.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with Flame,
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine foams in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat.
So when a muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights,
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adultrate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere humane lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines;
These, nervous, bold; those languid and remits;
There, cold salutes, but, here, a lover's kiss,

Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
 With foaming waves the passive *foam* divide,
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that antient poets claim
 Now turn'd to license but too just a name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
 Which scorns to take it: ————— }
 Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
 All the lewd legion of exploded fau'ts,
 Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.
 Not thus our heroes of the former days,
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never fading bayes;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part,
 Of what some call neglect was study'd art.
 When *Virgil* seems to trifle in a line,
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
 I lose my patience, when, with saucy pride,
 By untun'd ears I hear his numberstry'd.
 Reverse of nature! shall such copies, then
 Arraign th' originals of *Maro's* pen!
 And the rude notions of pedantick schools,
 Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
 Finds nothing harsh, or out of order there.
 Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
 The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear, in numbers shou'd preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide,
This antient *Rome*, and elder *Athens* found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from heaven, *Tyrtæus* sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung.
Reviving *Sparta* now the fight maintain'd,
And that twogen'ral's lost, a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire, and poesy together rise.
True poets are the guardians of a state,
And when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which *Rome* to conquest did inspire,
Was not the vestal, but the muses fire;
Heavens joyns the blessings, no declining age,
E'er felt the raptures of poetick rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause,
Too strict to rhyme we slight more useful laws.
For that, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown,
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last, obey.
And change their own for their invaders way.

I grant that from some mossie idol oak
In double rhymes our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.

But now that *Phoebus* and the sacred nine,
 With all their beams on our blest island shine,
 Why should not we their ancient rights restore,
 And be, what *Rome* or *Athens* were before?

Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous prose
Let our exalted souls through heavenly camps,
 * *And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thrones,*
Defy'd Jehova! here, 'twixt host and host,
(A narrow but a dreadful interval)
Portentous sight! before the cloudy van,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
There bellowing engines with their fiery tubes
Dispers'd aeth'ial forms, and down they fall,
By thousands, angels, or arch-angels row'd,
Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
Which with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters, woods,
From their firm seats torn by their saggy tops
They bore, like shields before them thro' the air,
'Till more incens'd, they hurl'd them on their foes.
All was confusion, heav'n's foundations shook,
Threatning no less than universal wreck.
For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
And overpress'd their legions weak with sin;
Yet they blasphem'd, and struggled as they lay,
'Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious son,

* *An Essay on blank verse, out of the 6th. book of Paradise lost.*

(*Effulgence of personal deity*)

Graſping ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
And ſent them flaming to the vaſt abyſs.
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud pæans tho' the croudèd way,
When in triumphant ſtate the *Britiſh* muſe,
True to herſelf all barb'rous aid reſuſe;
And in the *Roman* majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near.

A N



A N
E S S A Y
O N
C R I T I C I S M.
B Y
Mr. P O P E.

— — *Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.* Horat.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' of-
fence,

To tire our patience, than mislead our sense :
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censures wrong for one who writes amiss;

A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critick's snare;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
* Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not criticks to their judgment too.

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
† Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind;
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill col'ring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools:
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn criticks in their own defence.
Those hate as rivals all that write, and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.

* ——— De Pictore Sculptore, Ettore, nisi Artifex judicare non potest, Pliny.

† Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus, ac rationibus recta, ac prava discernant. Cic. de Orat. lib. 3.

All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain wou'd be upon the laughing side :
 It *Mævius* scribble in *Apollo's* spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
 Turn'd criticks next, and prov'd plain fools at last ;
 Some neither can for wits, nor criticks pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse, nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittlings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of *Nile* ;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal ;
 To tell 'em, wou'd a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that wou'd a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give, and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critick's noble name,
 Be sure your self, and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense, and dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit ;
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains :
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away :
 One science only will one genius fit ;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But ev'n in those, confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still t'extend them more:
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Wou'd all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame.
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
That art is best which most resembles her,
Which still presides, yet never does appear;
In some fair body thus the sprightly soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For wit, and judgment ever are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife;
'Tis more to guide than spur the muse's steed,
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle, when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd,
Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd,
By the same laws, which first herself ordain'd.

First

First learned *Greece* just precepts did indite,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flight :
 High on *Parnassus*' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise ;
 From great examples useful rules are giv'n ;
 She drew from them, what they deriv'd from heav'n.
 The gen'rous critick fann'd the poets fire,
 And taught the world, with reason to admire.
 Then criticism the mute's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd ;
 But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid,
 Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade. }
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men, from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of antient authors prey,
 Nor time, nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made :
 These lost the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain'd the meaning quite away.

You then, whose Judgment the right course would
 steer,
 Know well each antient's proper character ;

His

His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page,
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
You may confound, but never criticise.
Be *Homer's* works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night,
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions
bring,
And trace the muses upwards to their springs;
Still with it self compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the *mantuan* muse,

When first great *Maro* in his boundless mind
A work, t'outlast immortal *Rome*, design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critick's law,
And but from nature's fountain scorn'd to draw:
But when t'examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature, and *Homer* were, he found, the same:
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he check'd the bold design,
And did his work to rules as strict confine,
As if the *Stagyrite* o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for antient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness, as well as care.
Musick resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces, which no method teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

† If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky licence answers to the full
 The intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
 Thus *Pegasus*, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend;
 And rise to faults true criticks dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But care in poetry must still be had,
 It asks discretion ev'n in running mad;
 And tho' the antients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept ne'er transgress its end,
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need,
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critick else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seems faults:

† *Neque tam sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit; Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur. Quintil. l. 2. cap. 13.*

Some

Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion, and the place comply,
Oft hide his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those are but stratagems, which errors seem,
Nor is it *Homer* nods, but we that dream,
Still green with bays each antient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all devouring age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring;
Here, in all tongues triumphant pæans ring;
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind!
Hail bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise;
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud, that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That with weak wings, from far, pursues your
flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits that science little known,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
 What the weak head with strongest byas rules,
 Is pride, the never failing vice of fools:
 Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood, and spirits, swell'd with wind;
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense!
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;
 Trust not your self; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian* spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd with the charms fair science does impart,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of art;
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But more advanc'd, survey with strange surprize
 New, distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first, the towering *Alps* we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,

Th'

Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise.

* A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same Spirit that its author writ,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find:
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine O *Rome*!)
No single parts unequally surprize;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breath, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be,
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end;
Since none can compass more than they intend;

* *Diligenter legendum est, ac poëne ac scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex Integro resumendus. Quintilian.*

And

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, oft the men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less commit,
 Neglect the rules each verbal critick lays
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most criticks fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part,
 They talk of principles, but parts they prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, *La Mancha's* knight, they say
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could *D—s*, of the laws o' th' stage;
 Concluding all were desperate sorts, and fools,
 That durst depart from *Aristotle's* rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and beg'd the knight's advice,
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 What! leave the combat out? exclaims the knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the *Stagyrite*.
 Not so by heav'n (he answers in a Rage)
 Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.
 The stage can ne'er so vast a Throng contain.
 Then build a New, or act it in a Plain.

Thus criticks, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,

From

From short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts,
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring Thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just, or fit;
One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit:
Poets like Painters; thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold, and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
* True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er before express'd,
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind:
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still — The stile is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
It's gawdy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

* *Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; id facillime
accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil, lib. 8. c. 3.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous style express'd,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress;
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court,
 * Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Antients in phrase, meermoderns in their sense!
 Such labour'd nothings in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as *Fungoso* in the † Play,
 These sparks with aukard vanity display
 What the fine gentlemen wore yesterday!
 And but so mimic antient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfathers in their doublets dress.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastick, if too new, or old;
 Be not the first, by whom the new, are try'd,
 Nor yet the last, to lay the old aside.

§ But most by numbers judge a poets song,
 And smooth, or rough, with such, is right, or wrong;

* *Abolita & abrogata retinere, insolentia cujusdam est, & frivola in parvis jactantia, Quint. lib. 1. c. 6.*

Opus est ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quid nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio, cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Idem.

† Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his humour.*

§ *Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli, Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lave severos effugit junctura ungues: scit tendere versum, Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno. Persius, Sat. 1.*

In

In the bright muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the musick there.
These equal syllables alone require,

}

* Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While explosives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where'er you find the cooling western breeze,
In the next line, it whispers thro' the trees;
If chrystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
The reader's threaten (not in vain) with sleep.
Then, at the last, and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless *Alexandrine* ends the song,
That like a wounded snake, drags his slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easie vigor of a line,
Where *Denham's* strength, and *Waller's* sweetness join.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an eccho to the sense;
Soft is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

* *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt. Cic. ad Herenn. b. 4. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. 9. c. 4.*

But when loud surgers lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse shou'd like the torrent roar.
 When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift *Camilla* scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how * *Timotheus*' various lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall, and rise?
 While, at each change, the son of *Lybian Jove*
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians, and *Greeks* like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
 The power of musick all our hearts allow;
 And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now,

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much,
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yer'let not each gay turn thy rapture move,
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve;
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

* *Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Musick; An Ode*
 by Mr. Dryden.

Some the *French* writers, some our own despise,
The antients only, or the moderns prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine;
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northren climes;
Which from the first has shown on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last:
(Tho' each may feel increases, and decays,
And see now clearer, and now darker days)
Regard not then if wit be old, or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason, and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense, which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then
Nor praise, nor damn the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality,
A constant critick at the great man's board,
To fetch, and carry nonsense for my lord;
What woful stuff this madrigal wou'd be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
 As oft the learn'd by being singular;
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
 So schismaicks the dull believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning, what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right.
 A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd,
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense, daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause, they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once school divines our zealous Isle o'erspread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read;
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists, and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
 If faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit shou'd take their turn?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves our ready wit,
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side, or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise our selves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And publick faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against *Dryden* rose,
In various shapes of persons, criticks, beaux,
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past ;
For rising merit will buoy up at last ;
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New *Bl—s* and new *M—s* must arise ;
Nay should great *Homer* lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance too ;
For envy'd wit, like *Sol* eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours, which obscure its rays ;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend ;
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years,
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost ;
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;

Our sons their father's failing language see,
 And such as *Chaucer* is, shall *Dryden* be :
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some fair idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand,
 When the ripe colours soften, and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
 When mellowing time does full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live ;
 The treach'rous colours in few years decay,
 And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Repays not half that envy, which it brings :
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost !
 Like some fair flow'r that in the spring does rise,
 And gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this wit that does our cares employ ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ?
 The more his trouble, as the more admir'd ;
 Where wanted, scorn'd, and envy'd, where acquir'd,
 Maintain'd with pains, but forfeited with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

Too much does wit from ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe !
 Of old, those found rewards who cou'd excel,
 And such were prais'd, who but endeavour'd well :

Tho'

Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now those that reach *Parnassus*' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
And each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd by secret lust of praise?
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critick let the man be lost!
Good nature and good sense must ever join,
To err is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen, and sow'r disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times:
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit, and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase;
When love was all an easie monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before——

The following licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold *Sacinus* drain;
 Then first the *Belgian* morals were extoll'd;
 We their religion had, and they our gold:
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasing methods of salvation;
 Where heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest god himself should seem too absolute.
 Pulpits their sacred satyr learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, wit's *Titans* brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies—
 These monsters, criticks, with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage;
 Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th'infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals criticks ought to show;
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join,
 In all you speak, let truth, and candor shine,
 That not alone what to your judgment's due,
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
 Speak when you're sure, yet speak with diffidence;
 Some positive persisting fops we know,
 That, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a critick on the last.

'Tis

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischiefs than nice falshood do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not;
And things ne'er known propos'd as things forgot:
Without good breeding, truth is not approv'd,
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense;
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust;
Nor be so civil, as to prove unjust;
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well, might criticks still this freedom take;
But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous! with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant, in old tapestry!
Fear most to tax, an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, untensur'd to be dull;
Such without wit are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satyrs,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promis'd to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let dull fools be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?

D s

Still

Still humming on, their old dull course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd criticks too.
 * The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,
 From *Dryden's* fables down to *D—y's* tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy,
Garth did not write his own *Dispensary*.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when wou'd poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is *Paul's-church* more safe than *Paul's-church-yard*.

* Nihil pejus est iis, qui paulum aliquid ultra primas litteras progressi, falsam sibi scientia persuasionem induerunt: Nam & cedere precipiendi peritis indignantur, & velut jure quodam potestatis, quo ferè hoc hominum genus insanescit, imperiosi, atque interim favientes, Stultitiam suam perdocent. *Quintil. lib. 1. cn. 1.*
 Nay,

Nay, run to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes,
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks;
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundring tyde!

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right:
Tho' learn'd, well-bred, and tho' well-bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe?
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and humankind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were criticks, such the happy few;
Athens, and *Rome* in better ages knew,
The mighty *Stagyrite* first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the *Maonian* star.
Not only nature did his laws obey,
But fancy's boundless empire own'd his sway.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond, and proud of savage liberty,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd his rules, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature, shou'd preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Does, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire,
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our criticks take a contrary extream,
They judge with fury, what they write with flame:
Nor suffers *Horace* more in wrong translations
By wits, than criticks in as wrong quotations.

Fancy and art in gay *Petronius* please,
The scholar's learning, and the courtier's ease.

In grave *Quintilian*'s copious work we find
The justest rules, and clearest methods join'd;
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

The muses sure *Longinus* did inspire,
And blest their critick with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, that zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime, he draws.

Thus

Thus long succeeding criticks justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd;
Learning, and *Rome* alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd, where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and *Rome*.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
All was believ'd, but nothing understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.

At length, *Erasmus*, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy *Vandals* off the stage.

But see! each muse in *Leo's* golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's antient genius, o'er it's ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head;
Then sculpture, and her sister-arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung,
A *Raphael* painted, and a * *Vida* sung!
Immortal *Vida*! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays, and critick's ivy grow;

* M. Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who
wrote an *Art of Poetry* in verse.

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to *Mantua*, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from *Latinum* chas'd,
Their antient bounds the banish'd muses past;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But critick learning flourish'd most in *France*.
The rules, a nation born to serve, obeys,
And *Boileau* still in right of *Horace* sways.
But we, brave *Britains*, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the *Romans*, as of old,
Yet somewhere were, among the sounder few,
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster antient cause,
And here restor'd wits fundamental laws,
Such was *Roscommon*—not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of *Greece*, and *Rome* was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was *Walsh*,—the muses judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame, or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give,
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:

Content;

Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, not too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend,
Not free from faults, no yet too vain to mend.

THE



THE
CAMPAIGN,
A
POEM,

To His GRACE the
DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

By Mr. ADDISON.

———*Rheni pacator & Istri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; letatur Eques, plaudisque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.



Hile crouds of princes your deserts pro-
claim,
Proud in their number to enrol your
name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause,

Ac-

THE CAMPAIGN.

63

Accept, great leader, what the muse indites,
That in ambitious verse records your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once, sieges, and storms appear,
And wars, and conquests fill th' important Year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Aufonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their *Appenines*, and *Alpes* in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks im-
mur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising *Danube* its long race began,
And half its course through the new Conquests ran;
Amaz'd: and anxious for her Sov'raign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear,
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near,
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in Pray'r.

To BRITAIN'S QUEEN the nations turn their Eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In ANNA's councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms:
Twice happy BRITAIN, from the Kingdoms rent,
To sit the Guardian of the continent! That

That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her prince's Eye;
 Thy Fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport;
 Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
 On the firm Basis of desert they rise,
 From long try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties;
 Their Sov'rain's well-distinguish'd smiles they share;
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war,
 The nation thanks them with a publick voice,
 By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
 Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britania's colours in the zephyrs fly,
 Her chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,
 'Till the *Moselle* appearing from afar
 Retards the progress of the moving war:
 Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise.
 Each vineyard doubtful of its Master grows;
 And to the victor's bowl each Vintage flows:
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
 That wander'd on her banks, her Heroes ghosts
 Hop'd, when they saw *Britania's* arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, e'er the stream he pass,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet untought:
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose floods such par'ble's forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow;
The toil looks lovely in the heroes eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the Prize,

Big with the fate of *Europe* he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Amidst the sultry gales his temples beat,
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds;
Our *British* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd).
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their *QUEEN*, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast
With cooling strames revives the fainting host,
That chearfully its labours pass'd forgets
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er

O'er prostrate towns, and palaces they pass,
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge, whilst anger, and disdain
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the Vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon's* crimes.

At length the fame of *England's* hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview;
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze,
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd;
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
 Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
 Lodg'd in the soul, with Virtue over-ru'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of batel shown:
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd
 Heav'n dares intrust the cause of humankind.

Britania's graceful sons appear in arms,
 Her harrass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
 Whilst the high hills, and rivers all around
 With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound:

Doubling

Doubling their Speed they march with fresh delight,
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.
 So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dew,
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees,
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various Realms are past,
 Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last:
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye,
 Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
 Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
 Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious sight
 His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The Western Sun now shon a feeble Ray,
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
 Ev'ning approach'd, but oh what hosts of foes
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
 The close compacted *Brisons* win their way;
 In vain the Cannon their throng'd war defac't
 With tracks of death, and laid the battel waste,
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
 Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
 Till slaughter'd Legions fill the trench below,
 And bear their fierce Avengers to the foe.

High

High on the works the mingling hosts engage,
 The battel kindled into tenfold rage
 With Show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire
 Burns in full fury, heaps on heaps expire,
 Whole nations tramp'd into dirt, and bruis'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage lye confus'd.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
 New to the field, and heroes in the Bloom!
 Th' Illustrious youths, that left their native shore
 To march where Britons never march'd before,
 (O Fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
 Only destructive to the brave, and great!)
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
 Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breath their last.
 But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful Tear:
 While *Marlbrô* lives, *Britannia's* stars dispense
 A friendly light, and shine in innocence,
 Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
 Where e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
 And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:

Thou

Thou liv'st not for thy self; thy QUEEN demands
Conquests, and peace from thy victorious Hands;
Kingdoms, and empires in thy fortune join,
And *Europe's* destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pats they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And see their camp with *British* legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, encreas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And *Marlbô's* form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To *Donnawert*, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course;
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils *Bavaria's* summer yields,
(The *Danube's* great increase) *Britannia* shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter *Landau's* walls,

The

Thou

The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the *Gallie* arms;
The *Gallie* arms in safety shall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,
While to console thy doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good, and great,
And make the hero, and the man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword, and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand Harvests burns,
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat,
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:

The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his Leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And ecch'ing hills the loud alarm repeat :
Gallia's proud standards, to *Bavaria's* join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lillies in the wind,
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal Day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain :
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd;
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And *ANNA's* ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heav'n design'd to show
His care, and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march, and dread array,
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;

E

Yet

Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life;
 The *British* souls low images disclaim,
 The heat of vengeance, and desire of fame
 O'er-look the foe, advantage, by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
 Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pals;
 Nor fens, nor floods can stop *Britannia's* bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battel join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
 The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battel rise.
 'Twas then great *Marlbro's* mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of war;
 In peaceful thought, the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battel where to rage;
 So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
 Calm, and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And pleas'd th' almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
 The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*.
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
 And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear,
 Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear:
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave:
 Contempt, and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day,
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay;
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O *Dormer*! how can I behold thy Fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lye unsung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his Breath,
 And, fill'd with *England's* glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the *Gallic* squadrons run,
 And rush in crouds to meet the fate they shun;
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
 Floating in gore, with their drown'd masters mixt,
 Midst heaps of broken spears, and standards lye,
 And in the *Danube's* bloody whirl-pools die,
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant *Soan*,
 Or sounding borders of the rapid *Rhone*;

Or where the *Sain* her flow'ry fields divides,
 Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards glides;
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
 And into *Scythian* seas their bloated corps convey.
 From *Bleinheim's* tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,
 Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
 His waving banners, that so oft had stood
 Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
 So us'd the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard*! Oh who can name
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd!
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground.
 Thy self in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
 An *English* muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
 Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own,
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,
 The field whence fam'd *Magno* bore away
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.

Mountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
A captive host the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters, and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to compleat
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.

From *Memminghen's* high domes, and *Ansburgh's*
The distant battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*; (Walls
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst *Ulme* th' approach of her deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The Hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
It to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaured, and an army storm'd:
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swollen *Rhine* rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd, or straiten'd as the river flows.
 On *Gallia's* side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide extended plain commands;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd it's side;
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
 And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
 Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
 No toils are painful that can danger show,
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land;
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of *Marlbro's* sword, and *Hockley's* fatal plain;
 In vain *Britannia's* mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperia sway,
 Scepters, and thrones are destin'd to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
 That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes

Comes from afar, ingratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne :
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man ?
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easie greatness, such a graceful port,
Soturn'd, and finish'd for the camp, or court !

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And *Nireus* shone but in the second place ;
Thus the great father of almighty *Rome*
(His Features flush'd with an immortal bloom,
That *Cytherea's* fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by *Marlbro's* presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On *Londan* with redoubl'd fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines, and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the Hero's fight.

The *British* chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, free from its dire alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,

Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While *Marlbro'* presses to the dire attack,
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shews how *London* might have fall'n before.
 Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey :
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects of his race destroy'd,
 The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares :
 By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wanted aid of sea, and wind.
 By her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s states are free,
 And taste the sweets of *English* liberty.
 But who can tell the joys of those, that lye
 Within the constant influence of her eye,
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall,
 Like heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all,
 Secure the happy, succour the distressed,
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;
 That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell Posterity the wond'rous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd are faint, and weak,
 Cities, and countries must be taught to speak ;

Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Malbro's Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light ;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those, who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.



COOPER'S-HILL.

A

P O E M,

Written by the Honourable

Sir *JOHN DENHAM*,

Knight of the *Bath*.



U R E there are poets which did never
dream

Upon *Parnassus*, nor did taste the
stream

Of *Helicon*; we therefore may sup-
pose

Those made not poets, but the poet those.

And as courts make not kings, but kings the court;

So where the muses, and their train resort,

Parnassus

Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee

A poet, thou *Parnassus* art to me.

Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,

By taking wing from thy auspicious height)

Thro' untrac'd ways, and aery paths I fly,

More boundless in my fancy, than my eye :

My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space

That lies between, and first salutes the place,

Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,

That whether it's a part of earth, or sky,

Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud

Aspiring mountain, or descending Cloud :

Paul's the late theme of such a muse whose flight *

Has bravely reach'd, and soar'd above thy height ;

Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,

Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,

Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,

Preferv'd from ruin by the best of kings.

Under his proud survey the city lies,

And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ;

Whose state, and wealth, the bus'ness, and the crowd

Seems at this distance but a darker cloud :

And is to him, who rightly things esteems,

No other, in effect, than what it seems ;

Where, with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways they run,

Some to undo, and some to be undone ;

While luxury, and wealth, like war, and peace,

Are each the others ruin, and increase,

As rivers lost in seas some secret vein

Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

* *Mr. Waller.*

O happiness of sweet retir'd content,
 To be at once secure, and innocent!
 * *Windfor* the next (where *Mars*, with *Venus* dwells,
 Beauty with strength) above the valley swells.
 Into my eye, and doth it self present
 With such an easie, and unforc'd ascent,
 That no stupendious precipice denies
 Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
 But such a rise as doth at once invite
 A pleasure, and a rev'rence from the sight:
 Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
 Sat meekness, heightned with majestick grace;
 Such seems the gentle height, made only proud
 To be the basis of that pompous load,
 Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But *Atlas* only, that supports the spheres.
 When nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
 'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than chance;
 Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant
 T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
 Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
 Folly, or blindness, only could refuse.
 A crown of such majestick tow'rs doth grace
 The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
 Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
 Amongst that num'rous, and celestial host,
 More *Heroes* than can *Windfor*, nor doth fame's
 Immortal book record more noble names.
 Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
 Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,

* *Windfor*.

Whether

Whether to *Caesar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
 The british *Arthur*, or the danish *Knute*,
 (Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
 Than when for *Homer*'s birth sev'n cities strove)
 Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
 (As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
 But whosoe'er it was, nature design'd
 First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
 Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb,
 But thee (great * *Edward*) and thy greater son,
 (The lillies, which thy father wore, he won)
 And thy † *Bellona*, who the confort came
 Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
 ‡ She to thy triumph led one captive king,
 And brought that son, which did the second bring;
 Then didst thou found that order, (whether love,
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design, has been the great success :
 Which foreign kings, and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but giv'n the skill,
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
 That from those kings, who then thy captives were;
 In after-time should spring a royal pair,
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
 Or thy desires, more mighty, did devour;

* *Edward* the Third, and the *Black Prince*. † *Queen*
Philipa, ‡ The Kings of *France* and *Scotland*.

To whom their better fate reserves what e'er
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
 That blood, which thou, and thy great grandsire shed,
 And all that since these sister nations bled,
 Had been unspilt, had happy *Edward* known
 That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.
 When he that patron chose, in whom are joyn'd
 Soldier, and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circle, he did seem.
 But to foretel, and prophesie of him,
 Who to his realms that azure round hath joyn'd,
 Which nature for their bound at first design'd.
 That bound, which to the world's extreamest ends,
 Endless it self, it's liquid arms extends;
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
 But is himself the soldier, and the saint.
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
 But my fixt thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate,
 Th' adjoyning abby fell; (may no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform.).
 Tell me (my muse) what monstrous, dire offence,
 What crime could any christian king incense
 To such a rage? was't luxury, or lust?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
 Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
 Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.

No

No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good,
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils,
But princes swords are sharper than their stiles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their fate defends,
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, aery contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay; but our's,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargick dream,
But to be restless in a worse extrem?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand,
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no goth, no turk did bring
This desolation but a christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions, and the worst of their's,
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotion are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near;

My

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
 Where *Thames* amongst the wanton vallies strays :
Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons,
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hastning to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search nor his bottom, but survey his shore ;
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring :
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers, which their infants overlay :
 Nor with a sudden, and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave ;
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil :
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does :
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free, and common, as the sea, or wind ;
 When he ro boast, or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours ;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange :
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !

Tho'

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'er flowing full,
 Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
 Whose fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost;
 Thy nobler streams shall visit *Jove's* abodes,
 To shine amongst the stars, and bath the gods;
 Here * nature, whether more intent to please
 Us, or her self, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
 Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
 While dryness, moisture, coldness, heat resists;
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists,
 While the steep, horrid roughness of the wood
 Strive with the gentle calmness of the flood.
 Such huge extreams when nature doth unite,
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight,
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd † youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen;
 But his proud head the aery mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders, and his sides
 A shady mantle cloths; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds, and storms his lofty forehead bear,
 The common fate of all that's high, or great.

* The forest. † Narcissus.

Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain, and the stream embrac'd,
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth, and beauty gives!
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest indears.
 This scene had some bold *Greek* or *British* bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard,
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
 'Tis still the same, altho' their aery shape,
 All but a quick poetick sight escape.
 There *Faunus*, and *Silvanus* keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned hoast resorts,
 To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd
 On whose sublime, and shady front is rear'd
 Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares;
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour,
 Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly;
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear, and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye, nor heav'n's should invade
 His soft repose, when th' unexpected sound
 Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear doth wound;
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear

Had

Hadgiv'n this false alarm, but strait his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true :
Betray'd in all his strength, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry :
Exulting, till he finds, their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed does recompense ;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety, which their swiftness lent ;
Then tries his friends, among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies.
Like a declining states-man, left forlorn
To his friend's pity, and pursuer's scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves ;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own ;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame ;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam ;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.

Had:

Now

Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
 Pretends a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now too late he wishes for the fight
 That strength, he wast ed in ignoble flight.
 But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
 He strait revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage, than his fear before ;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubts a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course ;
 Thinks not their rage to desp'rate to assay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst ; alas ! they thirst for blood !
 So tow'rd a ship the oarfin'd gallies ply,
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extream despair ;
 So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
 And as an hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
 Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to dye
 By common hands ; but if he can discern
 Some nobler foe's approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.

COOPER'S-HILL.

93

So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand; then glad to dye,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chase,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 * Fair liberty pursu'd, and meant a prey
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown †
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
 Tyrant, and slave, those names, of hate and fear,
 The happier style of king, and subject bear:
 Happy when both to the same center move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood,
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave.
 Till kings by giving, give themselves away,
 And even that power that should deny, betray.
 ' Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reveals,
 ' Not thank't, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects by oppression bold:
 And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,

* Runny Mead, where the Great Charter was first
 sealed. † Magna Charta.

Ran

Ran to the same extremity; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure:
 But if with bays, and dams, they strive to force
 His channel to a new, or narrow course;
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells:
 Stronger, and fiercer! by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.



A
LETTER
FROM
ITALY,

To the Right Honourable
CHARLES, Lord Halifax.

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

*Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res Antiqua laudis, & Artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.*

Virg. Geo. 2.

WHile you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's publick posts retire;
No longer her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;

Me

Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays;
Where the soft season, and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay, gilded scenes, and shining prospects rise;
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills, and woods
For rising springs, and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar* tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,
To see the *Mincio* draw his wat'ry store
Thro' the long windings of a fruitful shore;
And hoary *Albula's* infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring alps of half their moisture drains,
And, proudly swell'n with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth, and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,

That

That lost in silence, and oblivion lye,
 Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns, and an unfruitful source;
 Yet sung so often in poetick lays,
 With scorn the *Danube*, and the *Nile* surveys,
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the *Boyn*, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild *Meander's* play'd;
 Till by your lines, and *Nassau's* sword renown'd
 It's rising billows thro' the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh, cou'd the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
 And *Virgil's Italy* should yield to mine!

See! how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coasts of *Britain's* stormy isle;
 Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments,
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents.

Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And rodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me some gods to *Baja's* gentle seats,
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green retreats,
 Where western gales eternally reside,
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
 When *Rome's* exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lye:
 An amphitheater's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror, and delight,
 That on its publick shows unpeopled *Rome*,
 And held uncrowded nations in its womb.
 Here pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies,
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
 Where the old *Roman's* deathless acts display'd,
 Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid.
 Whole rivers here forsake their fields below,
 And wondring at their height thro' airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
 And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
 Where the smooth *Chissel* all it's force has shown,
 And softened into flesh the rugged stone,
 In solemn silence, a majestick band,
 Heroes, and gods, and *Roman* consuls stand.
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
 And emperors in *Parian* marble frown.

While

While the bright dames to whom they humbly su'd,
Still shew the charms, that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael's* godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade, and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
Sowarm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme, with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes, and lab'rynth of sound;
Here domes, and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n, and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art;
While proud oppression in the valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitants behold in vain
The red'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oyls, and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty thou goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight,
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train!
 Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee goddess, thee *Britannia's* isle adores;
 How oft has she exhausted all her stores;
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought;
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought:
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oyl:
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
 Nor at the censure of our heav'n repine,
 Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pilads* shine:
 'Tis liberty that crowns *Britannia's* isle,
 And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains
 smile,

Others with row'ring piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:
 'Tis *Britain's* care to watch o'er *Europe's* fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state,

To

To threaten bold, presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms.
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
Her thunder, aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
But strives in vain to conquer, or divide
Whom *Nassau*'s arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes, and different tongues resound;
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream,
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lies,
And lines like *Virgil's* or like your's shou'd praise.



A.

P O E M,

To His EXCELLENCY The

LORD PRIVY-SEAL,

ON THE

PROSPECT of PEACE.

By Mr. TICKELL.

— — Sacerdos

Fronde super MITRAM, & falici comptus Oliva. Virg.





T O T H E
L O R D P R I V Y - S E A L .

Contending kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain!
Exhausted themes! a gentler note I raise,
And sing returning peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade;
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And heav'n and ANNA bless Britannia's isle.

Well sends our QUEEN her mitred BRISTOL forth,
For early counsels fam'd, and long try'd worth,
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with-held
The Suede and Saxon from the dusty field:
Completely form'd to heal the christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
By leagues to soften earth, and heav'n by pray'r.
To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
And make the crossier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with Jehovah's wand,
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,

Now

To the Lord Privy-Seal.

*Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fast'ning streams to putrid gores
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of god,
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.*

*O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
To stile companion, and to make their friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
With joyful pride accepts the second place.)
From Britain's Isle, and Ilis' sacred spring
One hour, oh! listen while the muses sing.
Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
With beating hearts, to learn their master's fate,
One hour forbear to speak thy QUEEN's commands,
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands;
The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade,
Eve'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.*



A.

P O E M

O N T H E

PROSPECT of PEACE.

TH E haughty *Gaul*, in ten Campaigns o'erthrown,
Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
Of t had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground :
In vain with pow'rs-renew'd he fill'd the plain,
Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the saints in vaim;
As oft his legions did the fight decline,
Lurk'd in the Trench, and skulk'd behind the line.
Before his eyes the fancy'd javelin gleams,
At teasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams,
On glory past reflects with secret pain,
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To *Britain's* **QUEEN** the sceptred suppliant bends,
To her his crowns and infant race commends,
Who grieves her fame with christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.
At her decree the war suspended stands,
And *Britain's* heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.

The

The *Gauls*, who never in their courts could find
 Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
 Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view
 In forms so fierce their fearful tancies drew,
 At whose dire names ten-thousand widows prest
 Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.
 In silent rapture each his foe surveys,
 They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
 Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
 Their gen'rous discord with the battel ends;
 In peace they wonder whence dissention rose,
 And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
 And social clarions mix their sprightly sound,
 The *British* flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
 And scatter'd Armies seek their native land.
 The hardy *Ver'ran*, proud of many a Scar,
 The manly charms and honours of the war,
 Who hop'd to share his friends illustrious doom,
 And in the battel find a soldier's tomb,
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
 And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
 O'er-pay their sleepless nights, and crown their Toils;
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
 In vain proud *Gaul* with boastful *Spain* conspires,
 When *English* valour *English* beauty fires;
 The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
 Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
 Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,

Hangs

Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
 And smiles, or trembles at his various fate.
 Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
 And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
 Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
 And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies;
 His little list'ning progeny turn pale,
 And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire atchievements sings the bard that tells
 Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magick spells,
 Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
 And cleave a giant at a random blow,
 Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
 The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,
 To visit fields their valiant fathers won;
 From *Flandria's* shore their country's fame they trace,
 Till far *Germania* shews her blasted face.
 Th' exulting *Briton* asks his mournful guide,
 Where his hard fate the lost *Bavaria* try'd;
 Where *Stepney* grav'd the stone to *ANN A's* fame,
 He points to *Blenheim*, once a vulgar name;
 Here fled the *Houfhold*, there did *Tallard* yield,
 Here *Marlborough* turn'd the fortune of the field,
 On those steep banks, near *Danube's* raging flood
 The *Gauls* thrice started back, and trembling stood:
 When, *Churchill's* arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
 But plung'd amidst the waves, a desp'rate throng,
 Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry Bed,
 And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by *Raphael's*, or by *Kneller's* hands
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands,

Such

Such as on *Landed* bleeding *Ormond* bore,
Or set young *Ammon* on the *Granick* shore;
If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy Gold:
So, *Hocstet* seen, tumultuous passions rowl,
And hints of glory fire the *Briton's* Soul.
In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
And all the tempest of the battel rage.

Charm me, ye pow'rs, with scenes less nobly bright,
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious muse delight,
Content to see the horrors of the field
By plough-shares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping Ivy twine,
And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine,
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the Bastion now a fruitful ground,
While shepherds sleep along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man? Oblivion blast his name,
Torn out, and blotted from the list of Fame!
Who fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
First sunk the filial subject to a slave,
His neighbours realms by frauds un-kingly gain'd,
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah! curst ambition, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills, that mortals bear below,
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields,
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
When left a widow, tho' not yet a bride.

By

By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed;
 And scatter useles roses on the dead.
 Oh sacred *Bristol*! then what dangers prove
 The Arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love?
 Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal tocs,
 In vain the marble breaths, the canvas glows;
 To shades obscure the glitt'ring sword pursues
 The gentle poet, and defenceless muse.
 A voice, like thine alone, might then assuage
 The warriors fury and controul his rage;
 To hear thee speak might the fierce *Vandal* stand,
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driv'n to *Scythia's* stormy shore
 The drum's harsh musick; and the cannon's roar;
 Let grim *Bellona* haunt the lawless plain,
 Where *Tartar* clans, and grizly *Cossacks* reign;
 Let the steel'd *Turk* be deaf to matrons cries,
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,
 To death grey heads and smiling infants doom;
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,
 O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just *Britannia* draws
 From pure religion and impartial laws;
 To *Europe's* wounds a mother's aid she brings,
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings:
 Her gen'rous sons in choicest gifts abound,
 Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet *Venus* (so the fable sings)
 Awak'd by *Nereids*, from the Ocean springs,
 With smiles she sees the threat'ning billows rise,
 Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the lowering skies,

Light

On the Prospect of Peace.

141

Light, o'er the deep, with flut'ring *Cupids* crown'd,
The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;
Her tressles shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
Britannia's Isle, the ocean's stately queen;
In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
Defenceless barks, her pow'ful navy near,
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
What bold invader, or what land oppress'd
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest?
Say, where have e'er her union-crosses sail'd,
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!
Her labours are to plead th' almighty's cause,
Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize;
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great *Russia's* throne,
The king, whose pow'r half *Europe's* regions own,
Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,
Through realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way,
To court our friendship, and our fame survey!
Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
And round his empire spread the learned store:
(T'adorn old realms, is more than new to raise,
His country's parent is a monarch's praise)
His bands new march in just array to war,
And *Caspian* gulphs unusual Navies bear;
With *Runic* lays, *Smolensko's* forests ring,
And wond'ring *Volga* hears the mules sing.

Did

Did not the painted kings of *India* greet
 Our QUEEN, and lay their Sceptres at her feet!
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
 Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft,
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
 And adds four monarchs to the christian name.

Blest use of pow'r! O virtuous pride in kings!
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs!
 Which o'er new worlds makes heav'n's indulgence
 shine,

And ranges myriads under laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.
 Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the *Lapland* skies,
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
 With glitt'ring spoils where *Indian* grottoes shine,
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
 And wasted citron scents the balmy breeze.
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem,
 To grace great ANNE's imperial diadem,
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field,
 Which, mixt with medals of immortal *Rome*,
 May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike ANNA glow,
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe,

On the Prospect of Peace.

113

In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
Webb's firm platoon, and *Lumly's* faithful band,
Bold *Mordaunt* in *Iberian* trophies drest,
And *Campbell's* Dragon on his dauntless Breast,
Great *Ormond's* Deeds on *Vigo's* spoils enroll'd,
And *Guiscard's* knife on *Harley's* *Chili* Gold.
And if the Muse, O *Bristol*, might decree,
Here *Granville* noted by the lyre should be,
The lyre for *Granville*, and the Cross for thee.

}
}

Such are the honours grateful *Britain* pays,
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
O're distant times such records shall prevail,
When *English* numbers, antiquated, fail :
A trifling song the muse can only yield,
And sooth her soldiers panting from the field,
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their battles in the rural shade.
From fields of death to *Woodstock's* peaceful gloom,
(The poet's haunt) *Britannia's* hero comes——
Begin, my muse, and softly touch the string:
Here *Henry* lov'd; and *Chaucer* learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled grotto! hail *Elysian* soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair *Britannia's* isle!
Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
And *Henry's* bow'rs near *Blenheim's* dome appear;
The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantick groves.
Oft, if the muse presage, shall he be seen.
By *Rosalinda* fleeting o're the green,

In

In

In dreams be hail'd by heroes mighty shades,
 And hear old *Chaucer* warble though the glades,
 O're the fam'd ecchoing vaults his name shall bound,
 And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,
 Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
 Vice of great souls alone ! O thirst of fame !
 The muse admires it; while she strives to blame.
 Thy toils be now to chace the bounding deer,
 Or view the coursers stretch in wild career;
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy Soul to rest,
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast,
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
 Thy *QUEEN* triumphant, and all *Europe* free,
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
 But what thou giv'st the world, thy self enjoy.

Sweet solitude ! when life's gay hours are past,
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last,
 Toft through tempestuous seas, (the voyage o'er).
 Pale we look back, and blest thy friendly shore.
 Our own strict judges our past life we scan,
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span;
 If bright the prospect, we the grave desire,
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes shall come,
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,
 Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
 Where *Kneller's* art shall paint the flying *Gaul*,
 And *Bourbon's* woes shall fill the story'd wall;
 Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
 Fix *Europe's* Guard, thy monumental sword,

Banners.

Banners that oft have way'd on conquer'd walls,
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping *Gauls*,
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore
 The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'als wore,
 Rich trappings from the *Danube's* whirlpools brought,
 (*Hesperian* nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought,
 Belts stiff with gold, the *Boian* horse-man's pride,
 And *Gaul's* fair flow'rs, in human crimson dy'd.
 Of *Churchill's* race perhaps some lovely boy
 Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
 Shall gaze transported on it's glitt'ring charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal arms,
 By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
 Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
 Where *Mars* embraces the soft *Paphian* dame,
 The little loves in sport his fauchion wield,
 Or join their strength to have his pond'rous shield:
 One strokes the plume in *Tityon's* gore embru'd,
 And one the spear, that reeks with *Typhon's* blood,
 Another's infant brows the helme sustain,
 He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'er-blown,
 Shall whiter rounds of smiling years rowl on,
 Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
 Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.
 But oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
 Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd *Albion* mourns!
 If your thin forms yet discontented mone,
 And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own,
 Behold what flow'rs the pious muses strow,
 And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow,

Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,
 Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
 And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great ANNE, the tears their mem'ry draws;
 Who nobly perish'd in their sov'raign's cause:
 For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
 Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
 Vast price of blood on each victorious day!
 (But *Europe's* freedom doth that price repay.)
 Lamented triumphs! when on breath must tell
 That *Marlborough* conquer'd, and that *Dormer* fell.

Great QUEEN! whose name strikes haughty mon-
 On whose just scepter hangs *Europa's* scale, (archs pale,
 Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
 On whose decree the nations anxious wait;
 From *Albion's* cliffs thy wide extended hand
 Shall o'er the main to far *Pern* command,
 So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
 It's circling skies shall see no setting sun.
 Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
 And savage *Indians* swear by ANNA's name,
 The line and poles shall own thy rightful way,
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new Dominions chain
 The watry kingdoms, and controul the main,
Magellan's straits to *Gibraltar* they join,
 Across the seas a formidable line;
 The sight of adverse *Gaul* we fear no more,
 But pleas'd see *Dunkirk*, now a guiltless shore;
 In vain great *Neptune* tore the narrow ground,
 And meant his waters for *Britannia's* bound,
 Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,
 And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide,

On

On either bank the land it's master knows,
And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud *Rhodes*, acroſs the raging flood,
Stupendous form! the vaſt *Coloſſus* ſtood,
(While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
A whole hour's ſail ſcarce reach'd the further ſide)
Betwixt his brazen thighs, in looſe array,
Ten thouſand ſtreamers on the billows play.

By *Harley's* counſels, *Dunkirk* now reſtor'd
To *Britain's* empire, owns her ancient lord.
In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
Rich in the blood which ſwell'd that patriot's veins,
Who boldly faithful met his ſovereign's frown,
And ſcorn'd for gold to yield th' important town,
His ſon was born the raviſh'd prey to claim,
And *France* ſtill trembles at an *Harley's* name.

A fort ſo dreadful to our *Engliſh* ſhore,
Our fleet ſcarce fear'd the ſands or tempeſt more,
Whoſe vaſt expences to ſuch ſums amount,
That the tax'd *Gaul* ſcarce furniſh'd out th' Account,
Whoſe walls ſuch bulwarks, ſuch vaſt tow'rs reſtrain,
It's weakeſt ramparts are the rocks and main,
His boaſt great *Louis* yields, and cheaply buys
Thy friendſhip, *ANNA*, with the mighty prize,
Holland repining, and in grief caſt down,
Sees the new glories of the *Britiſh* crown:
Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
Nor foes, more dreadful than the *Gaul*, invite,
Soon may they hold the olive, ſoon aſſuage
Their ſecret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
Thy realm the ſea o'er their precarious land.

Hence

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,
 Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chaste,
 To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
 Chace the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war,
 Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
 And turn god's fury from an impious age.
 Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
 Shall rear new temples in his native land,
 Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
 On her own works the pious QUEEN shall smile,
 And turn her cares upon her fav'rite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames,
 He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
 And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
 At length, heav'n's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
 To rowle his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
 To shed kind fate, and lucky ours bestow,
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,
 These guard the church, and those direct the state,
 To *Bristol*, graceful in maternal tears,
 The church her tow'ry forehead gently rears,
 She begs her pious son to assert her cause,
 Defend her rights, and re-inforce her laws,
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
 To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our *Oxford's* earl in careful thought shall stand,
 To raise his QUEEN, and save a sinking land,
 The wealthiest glebe to rav'nous *Spaniards* known,
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own,

On the Prospect of Peace. 119

Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.
So round the tree that bore *Hesperian* gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.
Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her antient Pride shall ev'ry art renew,
(The arts with you fam'd *Harcourt* shall defend,
And courtly *Bolinbroke* the mule's friend.)
With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze,
Whence health from herbs ; from seeds how groves
How vital streams incircling eddies run. (begun,
Some reach why round the sun the spheres advance,
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,
How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,
And sun-born *Iris* paints her show'ry bow.
In happy chains our daring language bound;
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,
But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And *Grecian* plans reform *Britannia's* stage ;
Till *Congreve* bids her smile, *Augusta* stands
And longs to weep when flowing *Rowe* commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals, and our taste refine,
Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence ;
Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
Nor, *Prior*, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,
New tales shall now be told ; if right I see,
The soul of *Chaucer* is restor'd in thee.

Garth,

Garth, in majestick numbers, to the stars
 Shall raise mock-heroes, and fantastick wars:
 Like the young spreading laurel, *Pope*, thy name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
 With *Philips* shall the peaceful vallies ring,
 And *Britain* hear a second *Spencer* sing.
 That much-lov'd youth, whom *Utrecht's* walls confine,
 To *Bristol's* praises shall his *Strafford's* join
 He too, from whom attentive *Oxford* draws
 Rules for just thinking, and Poetick laws,
 To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critick, and the kindest friend.
 Ev'n mine, a baseless muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with *Bristol's* glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred *Isis* rows her antient stream;
 In cloyster'd domes the great *Philippa's* pride,
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,
 Where the fifth *Henry's* arts and arms was taught,
 And *Edward* torm'd his *Cressy*, yet unfought,
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands O *Lancaster*, inflame
 My eager breast, to raise the *British* name,
 Urge on my Soul, with no ignoble pride,
 To woo the muse, whom *Addison* enjoy'd,
 See that bold swan to heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.



A N

O D E

T O T H E

Creator of the World.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS of *ORPHEUS*.

*Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? —————*

*Qui mare & terras variisq;e mundum
Temperat horis?*

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,

Nec viget quicquam simili.e aut secundum.

Horat.



G



INTRODUCTION

T O T H E

Following O D E.

THAT the Praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest Subject for the Sublime way of Writing, was the most antient Use of Poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper instance (next to Examples of Holy Writ) than from the Greek Fragments of Orpheus; a Relique of great Antiquity : They contain several Verses concerning God, and his making and governing the Universe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble Hints and lofty Expressions. Yet whether these Verses were indeed written by that celebrated Father of Poetry and Musick, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the Time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the Doctrines of Orpheus, is a Question of little use of Importance.

A large Paraphrase of These in French Verse has been prefix'd to the Translation of Phocylides, but in a flat Style, much inferior to the Design. The following Ode, with many Alterations and Additions proper to a Modern Poem, is attempted upon the same Model, in a Language which having stronger Sinews than the French, is, by the Confession of their best Critick Rapiu, more capable of sustaining great Subjects.

A N



A N

O D E

TO THE

Creator of the World.

Occasion'd by the

FRAGMENTS of *ORPHEUS*.

I.

O Muse unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay;

Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence ye prophane! be faraway!
Hence all ye impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise
And to false heroes give fantastick praise!

G 2

And

And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious
Beings owe!

But hear O heav'n and earth and seas profound!

Hear ye unfathom'd deeps below,

And let your ecchoing vaults repeat the sound;

Let nature, trembling all around,

Attend her master's awful name,

From whom heav'n, earth, and seas, and all the wide
creation came.

II.

He spoke the great command, and light,

Heav'n's eldest born and fairest child,

Flash'd in the low'ring face of ancient night,

And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.

The sons of morning, on the wing,

Hov'ring in choirs his praises sing,

When from th' unbounded vacuous space

A beauteous rising world they saw;

When nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,

And motion took th' establish'd law

To roll the various globes on high;

When time was taught his infant wings to try,

And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, almighty, still the same!

'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,

That animates and moves this universal frame,

Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.

Not heav'n it self can bound his sway,

Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,

Invisible to mortal eye
 He dwells in uncreated day;
 Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
 That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immensity.

IV.

What pow'r but his can rule the changeful main,
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
 When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
 In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly,
 And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor world is his, heav'n's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing show'r,
 The loose divided cloud, and many colour'd bow;
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sov'reign orders to fulfil;
 The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
 Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd
 (ground.

V.

Yet pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a father's tender care,
 Supports the num'rous family
 That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
 From nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
 Down to the insect worm, and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle sov'reign of the sky,

To each inferior feather'd brood,
 From crowns, and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plains,
 His hand unseen divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works, in every distant clime;
 He shifts the seasons, months, and days;
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
 By turns they die, by turns are born;
 Now chearful spring the circle leads,
 And strows with flow'rs, the smiling meads;
 Gay summer next whom ruffet robes adorn,
 And waving fields of yellow corn;
 Then autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of nature
 (spreads;
 Decrepit winter, laggard in the dance,
 (Like feeble age oppress'd with pain)
 A heavy season does maintain,
 With driving snows, and winds, and rain;
 Till spring recruited to advance,
 The various year rows round again.

VII.

But who, thou great ador'd! who can withstand
 The terrors of thy lifted hand,
 When long provok'd; thy wrath awakes,
 And conscious nature to her center shakes?
 Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,

Hurling

Hurling pale fear, and wild confusion round;
 How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,
 The shock of earth, and seas, and labour of the skies!
 Then where's ambition's haughty crest?
 Where the gay head of wanton pride?
 See! tyrants fall, and wish the opening ground
 Would take them quick to shades of rest,
 And in their common parent's breast
 From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
 In vain ——— for all the elements conspire,
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
 To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
 Nor death it self can intercept the blow,
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus!* *Alexander!* *Julius!* all
 Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball,
 Once gods of earth, the living destinies
 That made a hundred nations bow!
 Where's your extent of empire now?
 Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
 Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
 Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
 Or in huge amphitheatres endure
 The rage of rowling time, and scorn decay?
 Ah no! the mouldring monuments of fame
 Your vain deluded hopes betray,
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
 Mix'd with your selves in the same mass of clay.

IX.

Proceed my muse! time's wasting thread pursue,
 And see at last th' unravell'd clue,
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
 And weary nature shall her work give o'er.
 Behold th' almighty judge on high!
 See in his hand the book of fate!
 Myriads of spirits fill the sky
 To attend, with dread solemnity,
 The world's last scene, and time's concluding date;
 The feeble race of short-liv'd vanity
 And sickly pomp at once shall dye;
 Foul guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
 Look back, and tremble in her flight,
 And curse at heav'n's pursuing light,
 Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
 How will you then, ye impious, scape your doom,
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
 Your clouds of painted blifs shall melt before your sight,
 Yet shall you not the giddy chace refrain,
 Nor hope more solid blifs to obtain,
 Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
 But sigh a long eternity of pain,
 Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild sov'reign sits prepar'd
 His better subjects to reward!
 Where am I now! what pow'r divine
 Transports me! what immortal splendors shine!

Torrents

Torrents of glory that oppels the sight!
What joys, celestial king! thy throne surround!
The sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
Wou'd here diminish'd fade away,
Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
Lost in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place; —
Then muse, th' adventrous flight forbear!
These mystick scenes thou canst no farther trace;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain.



Alexander's Feast;
OR THE
POWER of MUSICK.
AN
ODE,

In Honour of
St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

By Mr. *D R Y D E N*.

1.

T Was at the royal feast, for *Perga* won,
By *Philip*'s warlike son,
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero late
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd :)

The lovely *Thais* by his side,

Sate like a blooming eastern bride

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave

None but the brave

None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave

None but the brave deserves the fair:

II.

Timothens plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful quire;

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire:

The song began from *Jove*;

Who left his blissful seats above,

(Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)

Dragon's fiery form bely'd the god :

Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,

And while he fought her snowy breast,

Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'rain of the

(world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty found,

A present deity, they shroud around:

A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound.

With

AN ODE.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet musician sung;
Of *Bacchus* ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face,
Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

IV.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all the battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
(slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung *Darius* great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltring in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless victor fates,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

V.

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Soft sweet, in *Lydian* measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* sits besides thee ;

Take the good the gods provide thee.

Them many rend the skies, with loud applause,
 So love was crown'd, but musick won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ;

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A lowder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep afunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around,
Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the furies arise !

See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !

Those are *Grecian* ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !
The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

AN ODE.

CHORUS.

*And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago
 'Ere having bellows learn'd to blow;
 While organs yet were mutè;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire:
 At last divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds;
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
 Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize;
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.
 Grand CHORUS.

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds;
 And added length to solemn sounds,
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 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
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THE



THE
Mourning MUSE
OF
ALEXIS.

By Mr. CONGREV E.

Alexis and Menalcas.

Men. **B**Ehold, *Alexis*, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter
made;

Where the glad beams of light can never play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or ev'ning *Philomel*.

No.

No vi'let here, nor daisie, e'er was seen,
 No sweetly budding flow'r, nor springing green :
 For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
 Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
 Here then, extended on this wither'd moss
 We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of *Albion's* loss ;
 Of *Albion's* loss, and of *Pastora's* death ;
 Begin thy mourning song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

Alex. Ah woe too great! ah theme, which far exceeds

The lowly lays of humble shepherd's reeds!

O! could I sing in verse of equal strain
 With the *Sicilian* bard, or *Mantuan* swain :
 Or melting words, and moving numbers chuse,
 Sweet as the *British* *Colin's* mourning muse ;
 Could I, like him, in tuneful griet excel,
 And mourn like *Stella* for her *Astrol*,
 Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill,)
 And with melodious woe the valleys fill,
 The list'ning *Echo* on my song should wait,
 And hollow rocks *Pastora's* name repeat;
 Each whistling wind, and murmur'ing stream should tell
 How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

Men. Wert thou with ev'ry ray, and lawrel crown'd,
 And high as *Pan* himself in song renown'd,
 Yet would not all thy art avail to show
 Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe :

But

But such true passion in thy face appears;
 In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears;
 Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
 As shall supply thy skill, if not exceed.
 Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
 Each vulgar grief can sighs, and tears express;
 In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
 And not in sighs, but words, explaining sighs, lament.

Alex. Will be my words, *Menalcas*, will my thoughts;
 Artless as nature's notes in birds untaught;
 Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
 Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains;
 And thou *Thalia*, darling of my breast;
 By whom inspir'd I sung at *Comus*' feast,
 While in a ring the jolly rural throng
 Have sat, and smil'd to hear my cheartful song:
 Begon, with all all thy mirth, and sprightly lays,
 My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
 Learn to lament, my muse, to weep, and mourn,
 Thy springing lawrels all to cypress turn;
 Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air;
 And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair:
 From hence, in utmost wilds thy dwelling chuse,
 Begon *Thalia*, sorrow is my muse.

*I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

No more these woods shall with her sight be blest'd,
 Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd;
 No.

No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
 And from her balmy breast steal sweets away;
 No more these rivers cheartfully shall pass;
 Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
 While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have stood
 Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
 Her ears, no more with dances please her sight;
 Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth.
 To bless the joyous day that gave her birth:
 Lost is that day, which had from her its light,
 For ever lost with her in endless night;
 In endless night, and arms of death she lies,
 Death in eternal shades has shut *Pastora's* Eyes.

Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched swains,
 Stray, all ye flocks, and desert be, ye plains,
 Sigh, all ye winds, and weep, ye chrystal floods,
 Fade, all ye flow'rs, and wither, all ye woods.

I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,

And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

Within a dismal grott, which damps surround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholsom ground;
 The marble weeps, and with a silent pace
 It's trickling tears distil upon her face.
 Falsly ye weep, ye rocks, and falsly mourn!
 For never will you let the nymph return!
 With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
 And like the *Crocodile* its prey laments,

O she was heav'nly fair in face, and mind!
 Never in nature were such beauties joyn'd!
 Without all shining, and within all white;
 Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight,
 Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
 And op'ning is with sweetest odours fill'd,
 As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
 So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed,
 To which excelling height she bore a mind
 Humble as osiers bending to the wind.
 Thus excellent she was —————
 Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more:
 Help me ye hills, and valleys to deplore.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
 May blooming flow'rs, with fragrant sweets arise:
 Let *Myrrha* weeping aromatick gum,
 And ever-living lawrel shade her tomb:
 Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
 Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there;
 Thither let *Fairies*, with their train resort,
 Neglect their revels, and their midnight sport,
 There in unusual wailings waste the night,
 And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.

There may no dismal yew, nor cypress grow,
 Nor holly-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;

Let

Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
 And distant dens receive each howling beast;
 Let wolves begone, and ravens put to flight,
 With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light,
 But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
 And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
 Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
 And sick'ning at her tomb make haste to dye,
 That they may help to sing her elegy.
 Let echo too in mimic moan deplore,
 And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

And see the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
 And heavy mists obscure the burd'ned air;
 A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
 Each lilly folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
 And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears.
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new descending rills
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
 And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting urn.

The *Fauns* forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove;
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails themselves the satyrs wound,
 And tugg their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the
 Lo! *Pan* himself beneath a blasted oak (ground.
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke;

See

See *Pales* weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare!

And see yond fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waste!
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo *Love* himself with heavy woes oppress!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face;
With tears which from his folded lids arise;
And even *Love* himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods, and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds in songs their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs, and swains in words can tell their woes;
But oh! behold that deep, and wild despair,
Which neither winds can shew, nor floods, nor air.

See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already fading grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within *Pastora*'s arms to rest!

No

No more! for those once soft, and circling arms
 Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms:
 Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
 And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
 On whose soft pillows lull'd in sweet delights,
 He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love, and fondness fled?
 Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
 To dirt must all that heav'n of beauty come!
 And must *Pastora* moulder in the tomb!
 Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far
 Than wildest wolves, or savage tygers are;
 With lambs, and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
 But rav'nous death the shepherdes has seiz'd.

*I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.*

• But see, *Menalcas*, where a sudden light
 • With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight!
 • And where *Pastora* lies, it spreads around,
 • Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
 • While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
 • Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends:
 • On flacky wings it mounts and quick as sight,
 • Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light;
 • Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
 • And fixing there a glorious star remains:

*Fairest it seems of all that light the skies,
 As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.*

F I N I S.

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